

Title: The Fight

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A cold autumn's morning with misty fog secures a dozen brave knights, supplying hidden shelter from prying eyes deep in the foothills of the vibrant valley. Dragons soar like fierce warriors, circling around and around, then roaring like thunder, rallying all that listen. The dragons land swiftly beside the proud warriors, bending necks and extending wings, lifting black claws and allowing valiant fighters to ride forth and win an arisen battle. The increasing winds silence the sounds of combat, and they fight, standing their ground like mothers protecting their children, bright armor flashing as each one falls.

A cold autumn's evening with misty fog cradles a dozen battered corpses of knights, creasing them in currents of winds that run deep in the foothills of the desolate valley.

Dragons glide like silent angels, circling around and around, then calling like banshees; keening cries of mourning.

The dragons land heavily beside the peaceful bodies, bending necks and extending wings, lifting black claws and allowing valiant fighters to ride forth and win an arisen battle. The increasing winds silence the sounds of combat, and they fight, standing their ground like mothers protecting their children, bright armor flashing as each one falls.

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Dragons glide like silent angels, circling around and around, then calling like banshees; keening cries of mourning. The dragons land heavily beside the peaceful bodies, bending necks and extending wings, lifting black claws and pinching the sacred ground and new eternal home. The dying winds whistle among the dead in somber procession, and they lie, grasping weapons to protect themselves like knights still in battle, shattered armor shining like newly born stars.